Falst. Not so my lord, your ill angell is light, but I hope he that lookes vpon me will take me without weighing, and yet in some respects I grant I cannot go. I cannot tell, vertue is of so little regard in these costar-mongers times, that true valour is turnd Herod, Pregnancie is made a Tapster, & his quick wit wasted in giuing reckonings, all the other giftes appertinent to man, as the malice of his age shapes the one not worth a goosbery, you that are old consider not the capacities of vs that are yong, you doe measure the heate of our liuers with the bitternesse of your galles, and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confesse are wagges too.

Lo. Do you set downe your name in the scroule of youth, that are written downe, old with all the characters of age? haue you not a moist eie, a dry hand, a yelow cheeke, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly? is not your voice broken, your winde short, your chinne double, your wit single, and euery part about you blasted with antiquitie, and will you yet call your selfe yong? fie, fie, fie, sir Iohn.

Iohn My Lorde, I was borne about three of the clocke in the afternoone, with a white head, and something a round bellie, for my voyce, I haue lost it with hallowing, and singing of Anthems: to approoue my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderstanding: and hee that wil caper with me for a thousand markes, let him lend me the money, and haue at him for the boxe of the yeere that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a sensible Lord: I haue checkt him for it, and the yong lion repents, mary not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silke, and olde sacke.

Lord Well, God send the prince a better companion.

Iohn God send the companion a better prince, I cannot ridde my hands of him.

Lord Well, the King hath seuerd you: I heare you are going with lord Iohn of Lancaster, against the Archbishop and the Earle of Northumberland.

Iohn Yea, I thanke your prety sweet witte for it: but looke you

you pray, all you that kisse my lady Peace at home, that our armies ioyne not in a hote day, for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I meane not to sweate extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, & I brandish any thing but a bottle. I would I might neuer spit white again: there is not a dangerous action can peepe out his head, but I am thrust vpon it. Wel, I cannot last euer, but it was alway yet the tricke of our English nation, if they haue a good thing, to make it too common. If yee will needs say I am an olde man, you should giue me rest: I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is, I were better to be eaten to death with a rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetuall motion.

Lord Well, be honest, be honest, and God blesse your expedition.

Iohn Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?

Lord Not a penny, not a penny, you are too impatient to beare crosses: fare you well: commend mee to my coosine Westmerland.

Iohn If I do, fillip me with a three man beetle: A man can no more separate age and couetousnesse, than a can part yong limbs and lechery, but the gowt galles the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees preuent my curses,

Boy Sir. (boy.

Iohn What money is in my purse?

Boy Seuen groates and two pence.

Iohn I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse, borrowing onely lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable: Go beare this letter to my lord of Lancaster, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Westmerland, and this to olde mistris Vrsula, whome I haue weekely sworne to marry since I perceiud the first white haire of my chin: about it, you know where to finde me: a pox of this gowt, or a gowt of this pox, for the one or the other playes the rogue with my great toe. Tis no matter if I doe hault, I haue the warres for my color, and my pension shal seeme the more reasonable: a good

wit